

WITH LINCOLN FROM WASHINGTON TO RICHMOND IN 1865

BY JOHN S. BARNES

Late United States Navy

ILLUSTRATED BY WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A NOTABLE COLLECTION RECENTLY PURCHASED BY
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR THE LIBRARY OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT

II. THE PRESIDENT ENTERS THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL



I was generally believed that General Grant was not particularly desirous of Mr. Lincoln's presence at City Point, and it was, in fact, a somewhat embarrassing factor during those trying days. However that may have been, General Grant never for a moment manifested any impatience, but gave to the President every possible consideration due to his exalted position. That morning was passed at General Grant's headquarters on the bluff. His log cabin was roomy, with one large room used as a meeting place and office. The tents of his staff were grouped about it. Here, on this and several other occasions when I was present, would meet the general officers of divisions, Admiral Porter, staff officers, senators, congressmen, and other visitors. There was no formality. The news of the day was discussed, and dispatches were read or referred to in general conversation. All seemed confident that Petersburg must soon fall, and with it Richmond. Sherman would be coming up victoriously from the South and uniting with Grant's army. The end of the rebellion was near. In the discussion that forenoon General Grant took little part, listening in grim silence, or only answering direct questions from Mr. Lincoln in short monosyllabic utterances. The President and Admiral Porter took the main parts in conversation. Each related several anecdotes apropos of the discussion, those told by Mr.

Lincoln being always very pertinent or illustrative. He seemed in very good spirits, and at his best when relating some of the war anecdotes that reached him in Washington. Admiral Porter told an old sea story, which navy men knew by heart, at which, I remember, Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily, and said, "Admiral, I like your sea stories; I never heard them before," and running his hands with an upward movement through his rumpled hair, his eyes glistening, his face expressing in every feature the keenest enjoyment, he would stretch himself out, and look at the listeners in turn as though for sympathy and appreciation. General Grant did not have much, if any, humor, or was too much oppressed with his responsibilities; he smoked steadily, and rarely did he even by the grimmest smile recognize the points of the anecdotes.

When I first met Mr. Lincoln I was singularly drawn to him; and brief as had been our intercourse, it was at such meetings and in the privacy of his own family, to which he admitted me, that I came to feel an affection for him that none other has ever inspired. Familiar as all are with his features through photographs, portraits, statues, and engravings, none do justice to him or can represent the kindness of the expression which ever betrayed the sweet and gentle mind and heart of this nature's nobleman.

We passed several hours in Grant's cabin, Mr. Lincoln returning for luncheon to the *River Queen*. The President was somewhat

great error. At present America is our best customer among the nations, and it is no exaggeration to say that some of our most important industries are almost dependent upon the American market.

"Take the silk industry. This product at present constitutes more than one third of the total exports of the nation, and about two thirds of this goes to the United States. Of all our industries none is so deeply grafted into the national life as the production of silk. It is produced in the homes of the poorer people, and largely made on household looms, and provides employment and a livelihood for more persons than any other industry next to rice growing. Any detriment to the silk industry is, therefore, felt directly in the homes of the common people, to say nothing of the various industries which depend upon its distribution and export. At present our silk goes mostly to non-silk-producing countries, where it enters at a low tariff rate. It is therefore a shining mark for retaliation, should our new tariff provoke it.

"Take America, for instance. We are putting a handicap upon the importation and consumption of many of her important products, of which flour will serve as an example. We are placing a high duty on flour. Now the wheat and flour industries are very important in America, and large transportation interests are to a certain extent dependent upon their prosperity. These combined interests can exert great political influence in the United States, and will undoubtedly not sit down quietly and see their prospects in this part of the world seriously crippled without making an effort to protect them. One way to do this is by retaliatory tariffs, and in the case of America the first thing struck at will be the Japanese silk industry. I and some who see what may come are endeavoring to check the present tendency toward protection, but the prospect is not good for success unless we can get some coöperation from abroad, particularly America."

"What kind of coöperation?"

"Some kind of a movement toward tariff reciprocity, which will compromise the coming conflict before it has time to develop to an acute stage, and sow the seeds of commercial belligerency between the two nations. Japan is not at present in a position to wage a tariff war with America, nor will she be for years to come, if ever. We who oppose the present course of the government are en-

deavoring to set a movement on foot to assure an even development of our commerce and industry by revising our tariff, as it needs revision, along lines of reciprocity rather than of protection, and in this effort we hope to secure the aid of commercial bodies in the United States."

Even a casual examination of the foreign trade of Japan shows that there is much foundation for the anxiety here expressed. In 1905 the trade of Japan with the United States was greater than with any other nation, and amounted to nearly one fifth of the total exports and imports. The United States took thirty per cent of Japan's total exportations, while Japan drew twenty-one per cent of her total importations from America, the United States being second only to Great Britain in this respect, which furnished twenty-three per cent. Germany furnished only eight per cent of Japan's imports, and took but little over one per cent of her exported products. The United States took in 1905 six times as much from Japan as did Great Britain. These figures show the importance of the trade relations between America and Japan, which are more vital to both nations, both in present and prospect, than is true of the Island Empire's commerce with any other nation except possibly China. Yet if an American ventures to protest against the new Japanese tariff, as likely to prove detrimental to American trade in the Far East, he receives a reply something like this: "You cannot blame us. The United States has a high protective tariff, and frequently directly discriminates against friendly nations in its schedules." And the mouth of the American is closed.

Notwithstanding the arguments advanced by the Japanese merchant quoted, and the fact that the Japanese people have been committed to it blindfolded, Japan's protective policy is now an accomplished fact, and is being shaped into one of the corner stones of the new paternal national system. Unless America looks to her fences it will not be long before her commerce and industry begin to feel the effects of Japan's actions. And a fact that should not be lost sight of, in this connection, is that the great exports of the last year, which give such a flattering appearance to the growth of American trade with Japan, consist largely of machinery to be used in establishing industries in Japan to compete with American and other foreign products in the Far Eastern markets.

disturbed by the report that General Sherman had left his army at Goldsborough and was on his way to City Point. After luncheon Captain Robert Lincoln came over to the *Bat* and conveyed an invitation from Mr. Lincoln to accompany his party in a visit to the Point of Rocks, on the Appomattox, the place celebrated for the historical scene of the saving of the life of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas. I was rather doubtful about the expediency of my going, but Captain Lincoln was very kindly urgent, saying his father had sent him and expressly desired it. As the President's requests were, as I told Captain Lincoln, equivalent to orders, I repaired on board the *Queen*, which at once pushed out from the wharf and started up the river. I found Mr. Lincoln in his office. He made me sit down and we talked for a few minutes, mainly I could see with the desire on his part to put me at ease. Thad was with him as usual, hanging or half sitting on his father's knees. The only other persons on board were Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Lincoln, Captain Robert, and, I think, Captain Penrose. The latter seemed specially attached to the service of Mrs. Lincoln, for I rarely observed his doing anything for Mr. Lincoln.

Leaving Mr. Lincoln, I joined Mrs. Grant and inquired for Mrs. Lincoln. Mrs. Grant was alone in the forward cabin. She pointed out Mrs. Lincoln standing out on the uncovered deck, near the pilot house. The boat had a little motion. Mrs. Lincoln was alone, and at Mrs. Grant's suggestion I pushed out of the door a large upholstered armchair, bade Mrs. Lincoln good morning, as I had not seen her before that day, and suggested that she should occupy the chair, which she declined; and finding that my presence was not agreeable to her, I returned to Mrs. Grant, who had witnessed the failure of my efforts. Very soon Mrs. Lincoln came to the window and beckoned to Mrs. Grant, who joined her at once. An animated conversation took place between them, succeeding which Mrs. Grant came back to the cabin and informed me that Mrs. Lincoln objected to my presence on the *Queen*, and had requested her to so inform me. This made things rather uncomfortable for a pleasure party, so that on our arrival at Point of Rocks, while Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln wandered arm in arm in the woods with Captain Lincoln and Thad, Mrs. Grant and I remained on board. Before their return, upon consulting with Mrs. Grant, I had the captain put me

ashore on the other side of the Appomattox, where I obtained a horse from the quartermaster with an orderly to show me the way and bring back the horse, and I rode, somewhat discomfited, back to City Point. I had gone upon this trip with some misgivings. I am sure that the President's invitation was in the desire to bring about more pleasant relations between Mrs. Lincoln and myself. It is only proper to add that, in these perhaps unnecessary allusions to Mrs. Lincoln, there can be found the cause of the sadness and melancholy which were at times so apparent in Mr. Lincoln's expression. She was at no time well; the mental strain upon her was great, betrayed by extreme nervousness approaching hysteria, causing misapprehensions, extreme sensitiveness as to slights, or want of politeness or consideration. I had the greatest sympathy for her, and for Mr. Lincoln, who I am sure felt deep anxiety for her. His manner toward her was always that of the most affectionate solicitude, so marked, so gentle and unaffected that no one could see them together without being impressed by it. I remember that in several telegrams from Mr. Stanton, he always inquired for Mrs. Lincoln and requested his remembrances to her.

The great catastrophe a few days later proved to be the breaking strain. Who can wonder at it? Few women there are who, ill and nervous, could have passed through such an ordeal and retained their reason.

That evening, March 27th, General Sherman arrived at City Point in an army transport from Goldsborough. I met him on the *Queen*, and afterwards at General Grant's headquarters. On the *Queen* were Mr. Lincoln, General Grant, Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, several other generals, and Admiral Porter—a notable gathering. It was an open meeting, and I heard many interesting relations of war events and movements past and prospective. Mr. Lincoln was particularly nervous about General Sherman's absence from his army, notwithstanding his assurances that he had left the army in good hands with no likelihood of any attack by Joe Johnston. Late that evening I was called to General Grant's headquarters and again met General Sherman, and from Admiral Porter received orders temporarily detaching me from service with Mr. Lincoln, and directing me to take General Sherman and his staff back to Newbern, or

such other place as he might designate, with all possible speed. Then I was to return at once and resume my duties with Mr. Lincoln. These verbal orders the Admiral supplemented by written ones late that night. The *Bat* filled up with coal, extra provisions were laid in, and the next morning, the 28th, General Sherman, General Leggett, General McClernand, General Sharpe, Colonel McCoy, Senator John Sherman, Lieutenant Baylor, and Mr. Stanton, son of the Secretary of War, came on board the *Bat*, and getting under way we steamed down to Fortress Monroe, stopped there for an hour, and then proceeded to sea. The *Bat* was urged to her utmost speed. I cut across the Hatteras Shoals, through the inside passage entered New Inlet, impressing an outgoing army transport to lead us in, as I had no pilot, struck lightly on the bar, and landed General Sherman safely at Newbern on the evening of March 30th. Those few days with General Sherman in the intimacy of such close quarters were extremely interesting, and I thoroughly enjoyed his relations of incidents of his march across the country. He was the most brilliant talker I ever met, and in my opinion the greatest general of the war.

After repairing some slight damage to my engine caused by overpressing in our haste, I left Newbern to return to City Point on March 31st, taking back with me Senator Sherman and Mr. Stanton, who on joining the ship handed me the following letter from General Sherman in his own handwriting:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION
OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

In the Field, Goldsborough, N. C.,

March 31, 1865.

CAPT. BARNES, U. S. N.,

Comdg. *Bat*, Newbern.

Dear Sir: I fear that on leaving your ship rather unexpectedly yesterday, I neglected to thank you in suitable terms for your politeness during our short but most agreeable trip from City Point. I beg to thank you most sincerely and beg that whenever I have it in my power to do you any service you will call on me by letter or in person, and should the fortunes of war bring you near my camp or quarters I will feel hurt if you do not let me know, that I may in part reciprocate your hospitality.

I beg to avail of your offer by telegraph to convey my brother, John Sherman, and Mr. Stanton to Old Point Comfort. They come down this morning and will have a small parcel of dispatches. Wishing you a pleasant trip I am, with respect,

Your obedt. servant,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Maj.-Genl.

I made a quick run to Hampton Roads, landed Senator Sherman and Mr. Stanton, and steamed rapidly up the James River to City Point, which I reached on the evening of April 2d. Great changes had taken place. The army was in motion around Petersburg and Richmond, General Grant's headquarters at City Point were abandoned, and several thousands of Confederate prisoners were collected there, guarded by a few troops and some five hundred sailors and marines from the naval fleet.

Mrs. Lincoln had returned to Washington. Mr. Lincoln had taken his quarters on the *Malvern* as guest of Admiral Porter, with his son Thad. Colonel Robert Lincoln was now with General Grant and on his staff. On the morning of April 3d I reported to Mr. Lincoln and Admiral Porter, and gave Mr. Lincoln an account of my trip to Newbern with General Sherman. He expressed great satisfaction in knowing that the General was again with his army, read the dispatches sent by him, and told me that Petersburg was evacuated and our troops in possession, and that if possible he would visit that city that day. I took ashore a telegram to be sent to Mr. Stanton and one to Mrs. Lincoln, announcing the fall of Petersburg and saying that the President would visit the town. Mr. Lincoln received a multitude of dispatches that day from various generals; and upon General Grant's telegraphing him that he was in Petersburg and would be glad to see him there, a train was made up, and with Admiral Porter, Thad, myself, and several others, we proceeded to Patrick Station, so called, a mile or so from the town. General Grant had said that he was too busy to meet him, but would send an escort. It was there, consisting of an officer and a few troopers, and an ambulance for Mr. Lincoln. Admiral Porter borrowed a horse from one of the cavalymen, Mr. Lincoln and Thad went in the ambulance. I went afoot, passing through the labyrinth of trenches, breastworks, batteries, and rifle pits constituting the defenses of the city, then held by our men. They were very elaborate with zigzag approaches and connections dug deep in the ground. It seemed impossible for any body of men, however brave or desperate, to have carried them by assault. I reached the town at last, found Mr. Lincoln, Admiral Porter, with General Grant, but learned they would soon return to the train, so I made my way back to it, my only trophy a bag of smoking



RICHMOND FROM THE RIVER

Showing ruins of buildings burned and blown up by the Confederates before evacuation.

tobacco, great quantities of which were lying about, eagerly seized by the soldiers. Mr. Lincoln remained in Petersburg only an hour or two, when, rejoining the train, we returned to City Point, the President going on board the *Malvern* for the night. He was in high spirits, seemed not at all fatigued, and said that the end could not be far off. I was on board the *Malvern* until ten or eleven o'clock that evening. General Weitzel telegraphed confirming the rumor which

had reached Grant at Petersburg, that Richmond was being evacuated and that General Lee was in retreat and President Davis had fled. All that evening a lurid glare lit up the sky in the direction of Richmond. Heavy detonations followed each other in rapid succession, which Admiral Porter rightly interpreted as the blowing up of the rebel iron-clads. Mr. Lincoln then made up his mind he would go to Richmond the next day. Mr. Stanton had sent him a telegram, which was



From an old print.

REMOVING OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE JAMES RIVER

U. S. torpedo boat *Spuyten Duyvil* preparing a passage for the fleet up to Richmond, April 2, 1865.

delivered that evening, expostulating with him about unnecessary exposure, and drawing a contrast again between the duties of a president and that of a general. This had reference to his proposed visit to Petersburg. Mr. Lincoln replied, in effect, that he had been to Petersburg and was going to Rich-

at Deep Bottom, and at eight o'clock in the morning of April 4th the channel was reported as clear and safe. The Admiral sent me word that he was going up to Richmond and would take the President along, and that the *Bat* could follow. At about 10 A.M., the *Malvern* leading, followed by the



PONTOON BRIDGE AT DEEP BOTTOM, VA.

One of the first bridges constructed over the James for the passage of cavalry.

mond the next day, but would take care of himself.

Admiral Porter gave orders that evening to the gunboats to clear away the obstructions in the river and to make careful and systematic search for and remove the torpedoes, with which the channel was known to be strewn. This work went on all night. The United States torpedo boat *Spuyten Duyvil* was employed to blow up the vessels sunk

River Queen, with the President, who had returned to her that morning, passed me very near, the Admiral hailing me and telling me to "come on." Mr. Lincoln was standing on the upper deck of the *Queen*, and one can imagine his interest in the passing scenes. He waved his hat in answer to my salute as he passed so close that I could see the expression of his face.

We got our anchor up at once, and fol-



ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLAGSHIP THE "MALVERN"

On board of which the President made his headquarters just previous to the trip from City Point to Richmond.

lowed, passed first through the drawbridge of the pontoon, and then through the gap cleared in the obstructions, which we slightly touched and were delayed for a few moments, during which the *Malvern* and the *Queen*, under the guidance of a skillful pilot, got well ahead. The boats from the fleet, still at work searching for torpedoes, had already found many, and had cut the wires of the electric and dragged to the banks many of the floating and submerged mines. Still I could not avoid a feeling of anxiety for the *Malvern* and the *Queen*, as they pushed ahead rapidly, lest some undiscovered mines should be touched and the vessels blown to pieces.

A number of vessels had pushed through the obstructions, making quite a display with flags flying from each mast, and finally the *Malvern* ran hard and fast aground several miles below the city. I came up to her and close to the *River Queen* and anchored. Richmond appeared to be in flames, dense masses of smoke resting over the city. I found that the Admiral had taken Mr. Lincoln in his barge, and was then pulling under oars toward the city. Manning the gig, I pulled after them as fast as the men could row against a strong current, but Mr. Lincoln was well ahead and the barge finally made a landing on the edge of the town, at a place

called Rockett's, some time before I reached the spot; and when I got ashore Mr. Lincoln was, with the Admiral and a few sailors, armed with carbines, several hundred yards ahead of me, surrounded by a dense mass of men, women, and children, mostly negroes. Although General Weitzel had been in possession of Richmond since early morning or late the evening before, not a sign of it was in evidence, not a soldier was to be seen, and the street along the riverside in which we were, at first free from people, became densely thronged, and every moment became more and more packed with them. With one of my officers, the surgeon, I pushed my way through the crowd endeavoring to reach the side of the President, whose tall form and high beaver hat towered above the crowd. In vain I struggled to get nearer to him. In some way they had learned that the man in the high hat was President Lincoln, and the constantly increasing crowd, particularly the negroes, became frantic with excitement.

I confess that I was much alarmed at the situation and the exposure of the President to assault or even assassination. I did not know of Admiral Porter's destination, or where the route pursued by him would lead us. He had supposed, as I did, that General



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly.

RICHMOND IN 1865, LOOKING WESTWARD

Weitzel had full possession of the city, and that, upon landing, communication would at once be made with him, and proper escort provided. Nothing could have been easier than the destruction of the entire party. I cannot say what were the President's or the Admiral's reflections, but the situation was very alarming to me. I saw that they were pushed, hustled, and elbowed along without any regard to their persons, while I was packed closely, and simply drifted along in their general direction. This state of things lasted a half hour or more. The day was very warm, and as we progressed the street became thick with dust and smoke from the smoldering ruins about us. At last when the conditions had become almost unendurable, a cavalryman was found standing at a street corner, and word was sent by him to the nearest post that President Lincoln wished for assistance. He galloped off and in a few minutes a small squadron of mounted men made its appearance. They quickly cleared the street, and joining Mr. Lincoln and the Admiral, we were escorted

to General Weitzel's headquarters, which he had established in the Confederacy White House close to the Capitol grounds. It was a modest and unpretentious building, brown in color, with small windows and doors.

The President entered by the front door that opened into a small square hall with steps leading to the second story. He was then led into the room on the right, which had been Mr. Davis's reception room and office. It was plainly but comfortably furnished—a large desk on one side, a table or two against the walls, a few chairs, and one large leather-covered arm or easy chair. The walls were decorated with prints and photographs, one or two of Confederate ironclads—one of the *Sumter*, that excited my covetousness. Mr. Lincoln walked across the room to the easy chair and sank down in it. He was pale and haggard, and seemed utterly worn out with fatigue and the excitement of the past hour. A few of us were gathered about the door; little was said by anyone. It was a supreme moment—the home of the fleeing President of the Confed-



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly.

RICHMOND FROM GAMBLE'S HILL

The Capitol and Governor's house (the Confederate White House) appear in center.

eracy invaded by his opponents after years of bloody contests for its possession, and now occupied by the President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, seated in the chair almost warm from the pressure of the body of Jefferson Davis! What thoughts were coursing through the mind of this great man no one can tell. He did not live to relate his own impressions; what he said remains fixed in my memory—the first expression of a natural want—"I wonder if I

Carriages were then sent for, and under military escort Mr. Lincoln was driven to places of interest about the city. After looking with curiosity about the house, I saw from the door a lot of soldiers and people around the Capitol, and walked over to it. It was a scene of indescribable confusion. Confederate bonds of the denomination of \$1,000 were scattered about on the grass, bundles of public papers and documents littered the floors, chairs and desks were upset,



PILE BRIDGE AT VARUNA, VA.

From which the troops cheered the President on his way down the James.

could get a drink of water." He did not appeal to any particular person for it. I can see the tired look out of those kind blue eyes over which the lids half drooped; his voice was gentle and soft. There was no triumph in his gesture or attitude. He lay back in the chair like a tired man whose nerves had carried him beyond his strength. All he wanted was rest and a drink of water.

Very soon a large squadron of cavalry came clattering to the door. General Weitzel and General Shepley came in, and general conversation ensued. Congratulations were exchanged. In a few minutes luncheon was served, procured by the General—a soldier's luncheon, simple and frugal.

with every evidence of hasty abandonment and subsequent looting. Free access to all parts of the building was seemingly permitted, but at the State Library a sentry had been posted. I returned to Mr. Davis's house, now General Weitzel's headquarters, and finally secured a rickety wagon, drove around the town and back to the landing, where I found my boat and returned to the *Bat*.

Mr. Lincoln soon after came down to the *Malvern* in a tug and remained on the flagship that night. On the following day he had an interview with Judge Campbell, former Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and one of the most prominent citizens of Richmond, who came with Gen-



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly.

UNION ARMY ENTERING RICHMOND, APRIL 3, 1865

eral Weitzel. Conferences took place which have passed into the history of the war. I was told that other late Confederates called also, but I was not present at any of the meetings. With Admiral Porter's permission, I got under way and returned to City Point early in the forenoon. The *Malvern* came down later in the day.

Mrs. Lincoln had arrived that day also, coming from Washington with a large party, including Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, Senator Sumner, Mr. Colfax, and many others. Mr. Lincoln returned to the *River Queen*. I saw him but for a moment, when he told me that he would return to Washington within the next two days.

Mrs. Lincoln and her party went to Richmond the next day, the 7th, returning early in the afternoon. The President did not accompany them. That day came the news of Sheridan's victory over Lee's army and the proposals for surrender. The war was practically over.

Notwithstanding the situation at Richmond and the impending surrender of General Lee there were plots to seize the ferryboat at Havre de Grace, and other predatory expeditions were afoot in the Chesapeake Bay, so that some anxiety was yet felt for Mr. Lincoln's safety on the *River Queen*. Admiral Porter, somewhat conscience-

stricken at the danger to which he had unintentionally or unexpectedly exposed the President on the trip to Richmond, now became full of concern lest some mishap should occur during Mr. Lincoln's trip back to Washington, for which he or the Navy might be held responsible. My orders from the department were explicit that I should accompany the *River Queen* to City Point and thence to the national capital.

If possible he would have had the *Queen* convoyed by additional vessels and with more ceremony, but the *Queen* was fast; Mr. Lincoln was in haste to reach Washington, and there was no vessel in the squadron that could begin to keep pace with her except the *Bat*.

Before leaving City Point the Admiral summoned me to the *Malvern*, and talked over the precautions to be taken during the trip, and for him exhibited great uneasiness and solicitude for the President's safe conduct. As a result I caused to be domiciled on the *Queen* two officers, acting ensigns, with a guard of sailors, with minute instructions for guarding the President's person day and night. The crew of the *River Queen* were examined and their records taken.

We left City Point on the morning of April 8th, the *Queen* leading under direc-

tion of a river pilot, the *Bat* following closely, pushed to her utmost speed. I remained on the *Queen* until our arrival at Fortress Monroe, where a brief stop was made for mails and to send and receive telegrams.

The President was more than kind in his manner and bearing toward me, and so endeared himself to me that the affection I felt for him became veneration. Mrs. Lincoln was indisposed and I did not meet her. It was clear that her illness gave the President grave concern.

After getting the mails, telegrams, and dispatches, also a Chesapeake Bay and Potomac River pilot, I bade the President farewell and returned to the *Bat*, lying close by, not anchored. Mr. Lincoln was kind enough to thank me for the good care taken of him, and made some jocular allusions to the comforts of navy men in war times as we parted. It was the last I saw of him. Probably he never again thought of me; but the memory of his warm hand-clasp and kindly look remained with me and has never left me.

We left Fortress Monroe that afternoon and steamed rapidly up the bay. The *Bat's* boilers had a trick of foaming, when changing from salt water to fresh, so that we were hard put to it to keep pace with the *Queen*, and she slowed down once or twice to enable us to come up to her. After entering the Potomac River, despite our best effort, we fell behind, so that the *Queen* reached her dock at Washington some hours before us; and on going aboard of her I found that the President had been met by his carriage and had driven at once to the White House. This was on April 10th, the day after General Lee's formal surrender to General Grant. I reported in person to the Secretary at the Navy Department, saw Mr. Fox for a moment, and was directed verbally to return to Fortress Monroe. After making some slight repairs to the engines at the Navy Yard I started for Hampton Roads on April 11th, stopped at Point Lookout to visit my father, General James Barnes, then in command of the District of St. Mary's, visited the camp of Confederate prisoners established there, and witnessed their joyful reception of the news of Lee's surrender and the prospect of the immediate ending of their captivity. The next day I proceeded on my way to Hampton Roads. The weather was thick and stormy, and being without a pilot I deemed it prudent to anchor in the dense fog when within twenty-

five or thirty miles of the Roads. The fog lifting at last, I went ahead, reaching my anchorage on the 12th, and was informed by Commodore Rockendorf, senior officer, that he had a telegram from Admiral Porter at City Point, directing me to be ready to take him to Washington immediately on his arrival from the former place, and that he would be down the next day. On the 14th he came on the *Tristram Shandy*, also a converted blockade runner. I called upon him and found that he had made up his mind to continue on to Baltimore in the *Shandy*. He was delighted to know that the President was safe and sound in the White House. General Grant had left for Washington on the 12th, and the Admiral thought he also ought to be there, and said that there was now nothing left for the Navy to do but "clear up the decks"; that he should give up the squadron and seek rest and shore duty. He promised to look out for my interests in the same direction. Getting up anchor, he steamed off swiftly, leaving us to twirl our thumbs and wonder what next.

On the early morning of April 15th I was awakened by the orderly saying that the flagship had hoisted her colors at half-mast, and had made signals for me to come on board at once. It was an unusual hour for such a signal of distress and such a peremptory summons, so that I knew that something grave must have given occasion for it. I immediately thought of Admiral Porter, and feared that something had happened to the *Tristram Shandy*. I dressed in haste and, calling away my gig, was soon on the deck of the flagship *Minnesota*. Commodore Rockendorf received me at the gangway, his countenance showing the greatest consternation. He made no reply to my anxious inquiry, but taking me by the arm, led me to his cabin, and there placed in my hands this telegram from Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

"President Lincoln was assassinated last night in Ford's Theater, and is dead."

I read it and reread it. It seemed as though the fact could not impress itself upon my mind. For some moments I could not utter a word, while the Commodore walked away in silence. When at last I took in the meaning of those few words, I am not ashamed to say I sat down and gave way to a bitter grief that was heartfelt and sincere.

